

eyes so intently upon him.

eyes so intently upon her that she was induced to change her position, with the view of escaping the apparent attentions. The man had recognized the features of his new fellow-traveller, and again "catching hereyes," exclaimed—"I'm the man! I'm the man!" The voice of Samuel Kirby, to whom she was to have been married eleven years ago, came back to her.

married eleven or twelve years ago, then fell upon her ears, and this extraordinary meeting led her to having hysterical fits in the car. She regained her consciousness as the train approached Stamford. On alighting at the station both proceeded to the woman's house in Water street, where it was speedily arranged that the long postponed wedding should take place.

It appeared that after Kirby obtained his liberty, he proceeded to the gold diggings, where he was successful. He then resolved upon going to England to offer his hand to his old sweetheart, and

the hand to his old sweetheart, and to return with her to Australia. We hear that on the day the nuptials were celebrated, Kirby gave his wife £600 to take care of, and that they have since proceeded to London, to receive another large sum from the Australian bank.

PICKING POCKETS—A BOLD AFFAIR.—Yesterday afternoon, a boy about twelve years of age, named William Riley, was detected in picking the pocket of Mrs. Sarah Greenleaf, residing at No. 4 Astor place, under the following circumstances: Mrs. Greenleaf, according to her own statement, had that morning left the

house on a shopping expedition, carrying with her a porte monnaie containing \$119. Out of this amount she had paid at different stores upwards of \$50, the balance remaining in the book, which she carried in her pocket. When near Read street in Broadway, she felt some one push against her, and on looking around, she

beheld the boy above named, and from his peculiar action Mrs. Greenleaf suspected he had taken her porte monnaie, and immediately placed her hand on her pocket and ascertained the book was gone; the boy was gone, having dodged across Broadway, between the stages, to facilitate his escape and elude pursuit.

Mrs. Greenleaf, however, was not so easily deceived; she at once instituted an alarm, by calling out "stop thief," and it is said in her eagerness to catch the young rogue, she exclaimed "Murder;" the alarm at once attracted the attention of the numerous citizens always in that locality, and seeing the boy on the

run, naturally supposed him to be the object of complaint, and therefore joined in the alarm.

Officer McCawley, of the Sixth ward police, being near at hand, pursued the boy and caught him at the corner of Chambers street and Broadway, just by Stuart's store. The boy when arrested

instantly threw the portmanteau from his hand, and as it fell on the pavement it burst open, and some of the silver coin was distributed on the sidewalk, and the young rogue together with the money, was then conducted to the Tombs before Justice Bogart, where Mrs. Greenleaf made the necessary affidavit, and the

boy, who was recognized by the police to be an expert at such depredations, was committed to prison for trial. On counting the money in the book, it was found to be twenty-two dollars less the proper amount, which sum is supposed to have fallen out at the time the boy threw it on the sidewalk when arrested.

Sunday Herald.

TO THOSE WHO DRINK.—A large wine dealer in London, recently, on his death bed, being in great distress of mind, acknowledged to his friends that his agony was occasioned by the nature of the business he had followed for years. He stated that it had been his habit to ren-

stated that it had been his habit to purchase all the sour wines he could, and by making use of sugar of lead, and other deleterious substances, restore the wine to a palatable taste. He said he did not doubt he had been the means of destroying hundreds of lives, as he had from time to time noticed the injurious effects of his mixtures on those who drank them.

He had seen instances of this kind where the unconscious victims of his cupidity, after wasting and declining for years, despite of best medical advices, went to their graves, poisoned by the adulterated wines he had sold them. This man died rich, but alas, what a legacy did he leave for his children.

THE POWER OF MEMORY.—The case of Carsten Niebuhr, the oriental traveller, father of the historian and statesman, furnishes a striking example of the revived recollection of scenes and events long past :
When old and blind, and so feeble that

he had barely strength to be borne from his bed to his chair, the dim remembrance of his early adventures thronged before his memory with such vividness, that they painted themselves as pictures upon his sightless eyeballs. As he lay upon his bed, pictures of the gorgeous orient flashed upon his darkness of dis-

tinctly as though he had just closed his eyes to shut them out for an instant. The cloudless blue of the eastern heavens beading by day over the broad deserts, and studded by night with southern constellations, shone as vividly before him, after the lapse of half a century, as they did upon the first Chaldean shepherd.

whom they won to the worship of the host of heaven; and he discoursed with strange and thrilling eloquence upon those scenes which thus in the hours of stillness and darkness were reflected upon his inmost soul.

"WHO MADE YOU?"—One of the la-

dies connected with the "Methodist Five Points Mission," who has under her charge some thirty little boys, called them together on the morning of Christmas, to perfect them in their answers to question she intended to put to them before the visitors during the afternoon. After arranging them properly, the first

boy on the right, in answer to the question, "who made you?" was to say "God." The next, "Of what were you made?" reply, "The dust of the earth," and so on through the Catechism. The all-important moment having arrived the little "shavers" were told to stand up. The little head boy, it seems, was

missing, but the fact being unnoticed by the teacher, she proceeded with the question, "Who made you?" which elicited the following laughable answer: "I was made out of the dirt of the 'ert; but the little feller what God made has got the belly ache and gone home."